

## The Bystander

I STAND by my window alone, and look at the people go by, pursuing the shimmering bone, which is so elusive and shy. Pursuing the beckoning plunk, and no one can make them believe that roubles and kopecks are junk, vain baubles got up to deceive. Their faces are haggard and sad, from weariness often they reel, pursuing the succulent acid, pursuing the wandering wheel. And many are there in the throng who have all the money they need, and still they go racking along, inspired by the demon of greed. "To put some more bucks in the chest," they sigh, as they toil, "would be grand;" the beauty and blessing of rest is something they don't understand. We struggle and strain all our years, and wear out our bodies and brains, and when we are stretched on our beds, what profit we then by our pains? The lawyers come down with a whoop, and take in our bundle of scrip, and plaster a lien on the coop before our poor orphans can yip. I stand at my window again, and see the poor folks as they trail, pursuing the yammering yon, pursuing the conquering kale; and sorrow is filling my breast, regret that the people don't know the infinite blessing of rest, that solace for heartache and woe.

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—WALT MASON.

## Edison

PORTS are seldom inspired to their best tributes to great men until death comes to focus attention and round up the earthly work of the world's builders. Not often is it given to a living man to read such a fine tribute as this by W. J. Lampton to Thomas A. Edison:

When others failed and wept,  
He smiled and steadily kept  
Bravely on  
Until the dawn  
Broke over him, and he  
Put on the crown of victory.  
What others only thought,  
He did; he saw ahead  
And others followed where he led.  
Failure to him means not to fail,  
But fresh incentive, more strength gained  
To reach the goal to be attained.  
God makes such men  
At intervals as signs  
To all the lesser and the weaker kinds  
To prove that somewhere, latent  
In human line,  
Forever lives the spark divine.

We have mastered cane and some of us can say saion without trembling. Trouseau and décolleté are easy, as gratin can be Englished without pain and so can pate de fois gras. It is to be hoped the tango and maxixe will go out before we have to say "The daisant." That is too much to ask of any man who does a day's work beside or any woman who has a colicky baby or does her own cooking or in any way earns her living by the sweat of her brow. The worst of it is there is no turning it into English; dancing the tango and the maxixe will not endure being afraid of two words. Maxixe is Portuguese; the scholars tell us to say hasheesh and then change the h to m and you have it fairly close.

S. S. McClure in a recent speech said that poor government is responsible for fire losses, accidents in mines, and criminal records. He said graft and law and wrong always go with autocracy of government whether in Russia, Spain, or the "rinky" in city management. He advised St. Louis instead of spending months drawing up a new charter to borrow one either from Galveston, Texas, or Frankfurt on the Main, Germany.

## Handcuffs For Lions

WE GET some mighty adequate men in the ordinary run who guard our peace and safety and happiness. The average policeman, fireman, soldier, and health officer do a lot of common sense safety guarding in their ordinary routines. Out in Portland, Oregon, a circus parade was blaring its winding way through crowded streets when a lion discovered by an extraordinary fling at his gilded cage that he could smash the lock of the door and get out. As soon as accomplished, the beast was half out of the door and a panicky lot of people were pushing back from the curbstones to get to cover, when—

An ordinary blue coat, seeing the crowd moving back and quickly locating the cause of the panic, sprang at the cage quicker than the lion, whacked the beast over the nose with his billy, backed him up and put a pair of handcuffs on the cage where the stout padlock should have been. The panic was over. A plain policeman walking his rounds, flitting with an occasional pretty girl, jolting the soda water fountain clerk, and gruffly moving wagons and automobiles on, was the only man in the crowd who had sense enough to do just what he did and do it quicker than the lion, quicker than the panicky crowd could kill itself getting away.

A Missouri boy, criminal contributed by his death to the scientific records of his state which he, living, did his best to harm and annoy in his short days of misdeeds of every sort. One operation on his brain a short while ago made him a much better boy and apparently cured his criminal tendencies. When he lapsed again and continually appeared before the police judge another brain operation was attempted under which the boy died; now to be delivered into a land where neither his nor his state's mistake can harm him more.

## Your Favorite Uncle

UNCLE SAM appears everywhere again, the tall, somewhat anxious faced, bearded man in high hat and long coat tails, carrying the flag and striding along his great way. One realizes in any moment of national anxiety or extraordinary effort what a beloved figure Uncle Sam is, and how well he typifies the conscientious, sober, brave, straightforward thought that is at the bottom of the real heart of the people. There is a hint of Lincoln in the best caricatures' delineation of the face and figure and expression of Uncle Sam; there is something of the midwestern farmer about him, something of the Pilgrim father's stand for freedom of faith, something of the thousands of Irishmen who have been policemen, in his quizzical smile, something of the Englishman in his unchanging direction when he starts on his way, and something of German patience and purliment over the wrong of the world. A very composite figure striding through our cartoons these days, and a good figure to be nephews and nieces to.

There are two sides to every complaint. While men parade the streets and wave red flags in New York crying there is no work, no chance, no opportunity for a man to earn an honest living in this country, there are jobs hunting for men and particularly for men above the average—\$2000 to \$100,000 a year jobs hunting for men. What the world needs is neither more men nor more work. There is plenty of both, but the lack of it of men who deeply interest themselves in every detail and every outlook of their work, making themselves invaluable by applying their whole energy to furthering whatever business or profession they are in.

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

C. B. Patterson left today for Alamo to attend district court, now in session at that place.

A. Courchesne has returned from a trip to Los Angeles and the Torpedo mine in the Organ mountains.

A. G. Andreas and family, accompanied by Mrs. May, of Las Cruces, left this morning for Ontario, Cal., to spend the summer.

Night station agent Plummer, of the G. H., who has been on the sick list for the past week, has gone to the San Antonio hospital.

Mrs. A. M. Pierson, one of the leading stockholders of the Orion Mining company, left this morning overland for Lordsburg, N. M., where she will remain for a short time.

The public library has received from W. H. Burgess a donation of two volumes of the history of Texas, and a handsomely framed picture of the famous Alamo at San Antonio. A building permit was issued today to Urnston and McLean for the erection of a business house valued at \$750, to be located on Texas street, between Stanton street and Main avenue.

This afternoon El Paso baseball fans had the opportunity of witnessing a game between two of New Mexico's educational institutions. The final score was 27 to 1 in favor of the Rowell High.

They could against the New Mexico Agricultural college team.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Superior Mining company, held yesterday at the office of John Julian, the following board of directors was named: Z. T. White, B. W. Redman, J. M. Dean, Randolph L. Lawrence, David Payne, A. J. Bruck, G. W. Hickox, Don Keadie and Oscar Jennings.

El Paso is soon to have a fishing resort. General manager Lewis of the Sierra Madre line, has succeeded in securing from the U. S. fish commission a fine lot of 200,000 fish to stock the Piedra Verde river, 15 miles southwest of Casas Grandes, Colonia Juarez.

The passage of the ordinance granting the street railway franchise asked for by the citizens committee, is announced, will not affect the old company's plans in the least. Gen. Anson Mills is now president of the street railway system, at present being operated in El Paso, but is expected to retire within a short time in favor of General manager Ramsey, of the Sierra Madre line.

Every afternoon was present last night at the city hall when mayor Joseph Masfoll called the meeting to order. Chairman Brunner, of the fire and water committee, submitted a resolution, which was adopted, to have the shacks on Oregon street removed. Alderman Badger moved to increase the salary of city engineer Wilmarrth, as sewer commissioner, from \$25 to \$50 a month. The motion was unanimously carried.

## Abe Martin



It's wonderful what a rejuvenation effect the possibility of war has on a few moth eaten steamers.

Tipton had added a new sleeping porch to his house and it looks like a squad loft.

## LITTLE INTERVIEWS

THE presentation of the historical pageant for the commencement exercises of the high school, besides being the biggest thing that the school has ever attempted, will also be one of the most elaborate amateur productions ever staged in El Paso. The principal A. H. Hughey of the high school, "It will represent the work of the entire winter on the part of the pupils and teachers. From the time Mrs. J. M. Frank suggested the idea of the pageant in the fall, she has been busy almost every spare moment studying the history of this section, and planning the situations of the pageant. The other teachers have been busy collecting data from the pioneer settlers here, so that the scenery and the costumes should be correct for the periods depicted. Since early in the winter the pupils have been daily rehearsing the music and dances which occur through the pageant. About 400 of the high school pupils will take part. The principal roles being acted by the senior class, which numbers 37."

"It was great, the way those soldier boys pitched in and helped fight the fire at the Texas Transfer company stable," said Frank Scott Frickleton. "They certainly went at it with a will and did a wonderful job of it. I was helping get the fire under control. For a while we were mighty uneasy about the fire spreading to the El Paso Theater, and it was a big relief to have the soldier boys so much on the job. I don't mean in pushing them, to be slighting the fire department, which was doing its usual good work, but with the strong wind that was blowing the fire might have given much more trouble had not the soldiers helped."

"If another bridge is ever built across the Rio Grande," said J. S. Elyar, "the architects who have the planning of the bridge would do well to make a trip of inspection to Des Moines, Iowa. There is a bridge there that is certainly a beauty. I think it cost about \$100,000. It is 30 feet wide. Beautiful bridges certainly add a great deal to a city. Considering the cost of the Des Moines bridge and the service it renders, after all, it is not a large item of expense."

"I am proud of precinct 15 in the Concordia school district," said Fred C. Rasmussen. "The voters of the precinct certainly rallied to the support of the \$65,000 school bond issue. With that amount of money we can build a fine school in the Concordia district as they have in the city. We can do that at less cost to the taxpayer than they can in the city. The additional money will be the equivalent of the money adjoining the eastern limits of the city are fast building up and there is a crying need for schools. We who live in the Concordia district are proud of the fact that good schools are absolutely essential to the welfare of any community and that is what we are striving for. This means a great saving to the children both in time and expense. Why send children a great distance to schools when they can be kept nearby by just having citizens with the proper spirit?"

"Whether or not the A. R. C. powers accomplish anything definite in their peace proposals," said W. H. Brophy, of Risher, "there is sure to be one good result and that will be the cementing of the South American friendship by President Wilson. That was a clever move on his part. The good offices of the South American statesmen for mediation in the Mexican trouble, and it has convinced the Latin countries that the United States is not the grasping, overbearing world power that it has been pictured by this country's enemies. The president has shown a wonderful understanding and belief that he will be able to settle conditions without a war."

"Community hall is the name we are going to call our building which is to be built in connection with the new Temple M. Shady and Rev. Maxin Zielinski. This is a part of my effort to get in touch with all classes of people. The building will have a gymnasium, a meeting place for community interests, sewing rooms, study rooms and play rooms. We expect to make a study of various buildings in order to have the best features of them incorporated in our new temple and community hall. The plans will be completed by Fall and the building will be erected at the intersection of Montana and Oregon streets."

One of the most interested spectators at the army parade was Judge Henry A. Brann, who occupied a seat on The Herald balcony. It was the first time he had been down town since he came from New York five weeks ago. "Look at those big fellows," he remarked. "Nobody would question their fighting ability. They look as if they could give a good account of themselves and they are all young fellows too. They are great big fellows who look ready for a fray at any time. While I admire the men a great deal I cannot overlook the animals. I like a fine horse and the one that Col. Charles G. Treat rode was a beauty. And the mules, Mr. but they were big animals, and I was greatly surprised to see so many gray ones. I did not know that the army used gray mules so extensively. I have seen a great many parades, but I have never seen a larger than that of Friday but none that I ever enjoyed more. It was a real treat for me."

## In the Web of Life

A New Short Serial Story

By VIRGINIA TERRINE VAN DE WATER.  
Author of "The Two Sisters," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

DURING the morning in which Tom Morton was suffering from delirium and consequent agitation, Edith Hale had been happy and satisfied with herself and the world in general.

Ralph Morton had decided that, as his mother was not feeling well, he would take her into the city today, and at 11 o'clock had presented himself at the Hale home in his automobile runabout, and suggested that Edith might like to "take a spin" with him.

At first she hesitated, looking at him doubtfully. He laughed so merrily at her grave countenance that she, too, laughed.

"Oh, come along!" he urged. "I promise to be jolly and good and sweet tempered and not a bit silly. I admit, but I have decided not to cry any more over my mother. Go and put on your hat and coat and breathe some of this heavenly air. Good morning, almost cousin!" as Constance came out upon the veranda.

"I have promised her not to talk anything serious and not to say a cross word if she will come," Edith said, as she added as an afterthought, "that this ride holds only two, for I would like to take you with us."

"Oh, thank you," Constance replied, "but I could not go anyway, for I have two music lessons to give this morning. They are waiting for me. Do you want to go for a ride, dear?"

"Yes," Edith acknowledged. "I think I'd better go, as Ralph has promised to be nice."

"The man kept his word so well that his companion returned from the hunt with her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling."

"He can be so jolly," she told Constance later that day. "I do not see why he must sometimes get those silly sentimental streaks such as he had last evening. I have never seen two cousins more unlike than Ralph and Tom."

"They are alike in the fact that they both care for you," Constance remarked. Edith flushed. "Yes," she said, "believe they do. Yet in such a different way."

"Tom is much more stable than Ralph," Constance continued. "He has depths of feeling which Ralph could not understand. Both are interesting men, but Ralph is weak compared to Tom."

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"Well, I am only two years younger than you," Edith said. "But I don't want to grow old."

"You need not be afraid of age if you have Tom with you," Constance reminded her. "That is one beautiful thing about marriage when people love each other—they grow old together, so that neither is lonely. I was thinking in that way when I saw you."

"I know it's true about them," Edith agreed. Her face had softened, and she said, "I picked up the slip of paper as she continued. 'Father and mother make me appreciate what love really is. Oh, Edith, with a long breath of joy, 'How happy I ought to be and how happy I am! I have dear father and mother and you and Tom!'"

"No, but not least," Constance teased.

"No—today I have been sure that he is first," Edith said. "I can hardly believe that, only last night I talked as if I would be as happy with Ralph as with Tom. I was vexed when I said in that way I know better, and I can never distrust Tom again."

Before her companion could reply there was a knock at the door and the maid entered with a telegram. "For you, Miss Edith," she said, "and the boy is waiting to see if there is any answer."

Edith tore open the envelope, and there was a terse silence while she read the message.

"No," she said, without looking up, "there is no answer."

The door had closed behind the maid before Edith spoke again. "This is from Tom," she explained, her voice trembling. "He says that he has been detained and cannot reach New York time to be here for dinner, but will surely arrive about ten."

She made no further comment, but on the bed gazing hard at the ceiling. Her cousin touched her hand gently.

"I'm sorry, dear," she sympathized. "I know how much disappointed you are."

"This is the second time in twenty-four hours that Tom has failed me," Edith said. She picked up the slip of yellow paper again and looked at it as if she would wring from it some truer information.

"It was sent from Baltimore, and was probably written right after luncheon," she commented. "It must be very important business that detains him."

"There was a trace of sarcasm in the words, but Constance ignored this. 'Indeed it must be,' she assented. Suddenly she remembered her suspicion of last night with regard to Ralph's knowledge of Tom's errand to Baltimore. As if reading her thoughts, Edith spoke slowly, meaningly.

"I am sure," Ralph knows what the business is," she said. "I might ask him."

"Oh, dear Edith," Constance protested. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"If Tom fails me again I will tell the girl," Edith said. "But he won't fail you again!" Constance declared confidently.

(To Be Continued.)

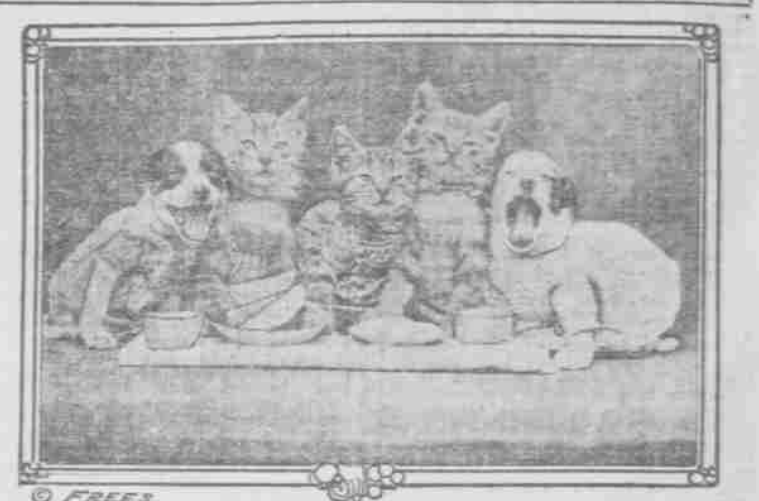
## "This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

PROBABLY all of us have had quoted to us more than once the proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and possibly we have proved the truth of the statement by tumbling. There is such a thing as priding ourselves on being superior to others because of wealth, or of birth, or of knowing more, and one kind of pride is just as offensive as the other. There is, however, a good, wholesome pride that means self-respect. Our conduct is influenced by our pride, so let us be careful what we are proud of.

The El Paso boys and girls celebrating their birth on May 12 are:  
John Finnigan, 15. Gladys May Welden, 12.  
Nina Fair, 12. Marian Hurd, 8.  
George Howard, 9. Harry Kennedy, 14.  
Floyd Armstrong, 17. Ralston Cooper, 17.  
Dolores Slaid, 8.

"Miss Birthday" has a ticket for each one named above, admitting to the Bijou. Call at The Herald office for it.

## THE SCK TABBIES HAVE A PARTY



THIS is a messy party. Didn't you ever have one? Evverson has to have the messes.

Teenie, Tabby, and Tom Tabby, and Binkie Tabby, and the two Spot boys, all have the messes. They are all getting well and Mrs. Tabby gave them a party. It began all right but turned out badly.

"Let of good cats," mumbled Mrs. Tabby one day. "What shall I do with these kitty girls and kitty boys?"

"Tom, now behave or I'll have to put you in blankets and roll them out on the floor of Tabby house, and right into the midst of the kitten girls and boys."

They played at hide and seek, and pussy wants a corner and every game in the world, and by the time Mrs. Tabby said that the tea party was almost ready they were tired-out. But not too tired to quarrel.

"Come to the table at once," called Teenie, who could stop them from crowding and pushing, and if you grab and snatch I will leave."

Everybody made a dash for the table and before Teenie could stop them a crash! It was knocked over. That supply. Many a man who hasn't had any happiness in the shop for 24 years has gone out on the streets with a quarter and has produced several more of the finest variety of joy. But he didn't buy it for himself. He bought it for some poor boy or girl.

It is very much easier, in fact, to fill some other man's home with happiness than it is to scratch at a full supply for yourself. However, those who have devoted much time and thought to producing happiness for others have usually discovered that they have been able to appropriate a considerable amount of it for themselves without being accused of grafting."

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GETTING UP AN APPETITE WITH PRAISE

INDOOR SPORTS  
BULLING THE COOK AS HE FEEDS THE GANG IN HIS FLAT